

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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The Nut-shell.

A TALE.

SLIGHT and almost infinitely slender are the threads of the spider, and the web of the silk worm; but much slighter, and infinitely more slender are those threads by which the fates of mankind are sometimes connected, and sometimes entangled. This truth was long overlooked by our writers of novels and romances; and even now that they have begun to observe it, it cannot be wholly superfluous to relate the story of a young man, who was brought to infamy and ruin—by a *nut-shell*.

BENDORF was a youth of ardour and sensibility, with the purest principles of religion and probity; the most honourable of men towards his friend, and still more honourable towards his mistress—for both of whom he would have sacrificed, upon a proper occasion, both his fortune and his life. Though severe and unmerciful to his own foibles, he was, alas! more obsequious than the fibres of the ivy, to those of the persons to whom he was attached; and he was always attached to some of either sex.

He was now returned from the university of Gottingen, with a head full of philosophy, and a heart still fuller of enthusiasm for all that was fair and good. The animated tone of his conversation, the original cast of his words and behaviour, his freedom of thinking, and the boldness with which he ridiculed antiquated prejudices, all these made him quickly taken notice of. Many men, and particularly old ones, shook their heads at him in silence; others, and especially those who had hitherto given

themselves the examples in matters of taste, were loud in their censures of the noisy fellow, not so much because he was noisy, as because he surpassed them in reading and in sense; but there were also many who loved and encouraged him, and who whispered softly in his listening ear,—Bravo, young man, you have much in your power; be active, and your influence will increase by degrees. I choose purposely the epithet *listening*; for who can doubt that a Bendorf would be ambitious.

He was treated quite differently by the fair sex. Of them, there was scarcely one in the circle, in which it was proper for him to move, who did not receive him with her best curtesy; no girl, that did not frequently leave honourables and right honourables to themselves, in spite of the magnificence of their holiday suits, in order to prattle with the young secretary; no married woman, that did not, the evening after she had been at the theatre, repeat to him her opinion of the play and players; and no matron who did not exclaim with genuine compassion: "A fine young fellow! if he were but more regular in his attendance at church!" In many companies, where they had hitherto played nothing but Ombre and Bassett, Whist, in complaisance to him, became the mode.* In short, all the ladies were equally pleased with him; so long, at least, as on his side, he behaved with equal politeness and attention to them all.

But the cursed whimsy—It is indeed often both proper and useful, though a tender heart suffers much from it, and in place of continuing in ease and freedom, chuses

NOTE.

* The reader must not forget here, that the scene is laid some years back, in which whist has not yet become the universal study.

rather a voluntary slavery. In a town such as D——, for the establishment of which, nature had produced so many charming girls, it was impossible for a heart so tender as Bendorf's, to remain long unsubdued. Two nymphs strove for its dominion, and he hesitated for a considerable time between them. Amelia Mildau, fair, gentle, young, and rich, with faultless manners, and unblemished reputation; contended for the prize with Julia Hilmer, equal in fortune, much fairer, but less amiable, mild and good. The one allured you by her sweetness and sensibility, the other dazzled you by the power of her wit. The quiet and retirement of a country life appeared to be fitted for the temper of Amelia: while that of Julia would have suited a metropolis. She said not a word without attempting to shine, nor employed a gesture without attempting to conquer.—She was qualified, had she been beloved by a prince, to rule and ruin a whole kingdom. She was vain as the titled commoner of yesterday, and fonder of gaming and dissipation than a new-married woman of kisses and dalliances. If Amelia had more friends, Julia had many more admirers; if the former was oftener praised, the latter, on the other hand, was more frequently mentioned. It was not indeed good that was always said of her, but to be spoken of, seemed to her enough.

We said that Bendorf was long undetermined:—like the Falstaff of Shakespeare, he would have willingly taken both; the one for sundays and festival days; the other for the every day comfort of life. But his better sense at length declared for Amelia. He first sued for, and obtained her friendship; then went a step farther, and obtained her love; so that he was now looked upon as her acknowledged bridegroom, and nothing was considered as wanting to

the union, but the death of his predecessor in office, and his own advancement to fill the post. But scarcely had the active tongue of rumour scattered this intelligence abroad, when Bendorf was sensible of a material alteration in the behaviour of many of his acquaintances towards him. Many a father of marriageable daughters now received his visits with great coldness, and asked him much seldomer to dinner: many a superannuated dowager shook her noddle, as if there had been sense in it, and cried out, "the depravity of the age! scarce six and twenty, and already thinking of marriage!" many a girl now discovered, that his nose was a little too much arched; his shape a little too slender; and his style a little too dogmatical; and many a secret admirer of Amelia affirmed, that he had it from the best authority, that Bendorf was not entirely unexceptionable in the performance of the duties of his office.

But Bendorf, though he could not but observe the change, gave himself no uneasiness about it. Attached wholly to Amelia, every company where she was not, appeared to him tasteless and tiresome; to please her, and gain her favour, every faculty of his soul was exerted; and although he was daily advancing in her good graces, he still thought his progress was too slow; till at last, after one of his colleagues had been so obliging as to make way for him, he had the extatic felicity of hearing Amelia, his Amelia's own lips, fix the month following, as the time of their union. All his true friends now wished him joy; all that were not his well-wishers envied him; and every girl of Amelia's acquaintance could not help secretly saying to herself; "would I were in the place of Amelia!"

Whether it was distrust of his own weakness, of which he had frequently been convinced by experience, or a tender indulgence for Amelia's temper, which he knew to be pretty much inclined to jealousy, or from a real indifference about every thing but her, whatever was his motive, he made it a point, from the first explicit avowal of her affection, to break off almost all connection with other women, and altogether with Julia. The warmth, however, of that lady's attachment, increased in proportion to his coldness, and the more he appeared to forget her, the more frequently did she think upon him. Many were the plans which she laid to ensnare him; but in spite of her ingenuity, all to no purpose. She grew at length weary of lavishing on an ungrateful man those attentions which a thousand others

would have received with the transports of an enamoured knight, and rewarded with gold watches and diamond trinkets. And with this alteration of her behaviour towards him, Bendorf was now perfectly satisfied.

Once on a sultry afternoon in summer, tired with the drudgery and formalities of business, he hurried for refreshment to the society of his beloved; and found her quite alone at an open window, where she was employed with a book, and likewise at intervals, in order perhaps to shorten the tedious passages, with opening some hazelnuts that lay before her. She received him in the tenderest manner; he sat long, leaning on her arm, talking of his passion, of her merits and her charms, of a thousand feelings known only to themselves, of a thousand prospects and projects for futurity, and of all those pleasing recollections which were connected with the beginning of their acquaintance, wholly engrossed with his own feelings, and with such favourite topics of discourse,—he snatched up, without knowing wherefore, a handful of nut-shells, and threw them over the window.

"What are you doing, Bendorf?" cried Amelia, instantly; "you may have thrown them upon somebody's head."

"I should be sorry for that," answered he, smiling; and went directly to the window, but drew back with great surprise and precipitation, for he saw there two ladies standing beneath it, and gazing up.

Amelia, who observed the alteration of his colour, followed him with equal heedlessness to the window, and besides seeing the same objects, heard distinctly these words:

"I thank you, Bendorf, for this instance of your civility. It is quite novel, but on that account, I assure you, I esteem it the more ingenious. You was, perhaps, afraid that I should not otherwise have observed who was your amiable companion."

"It is the voice of Julia Hilmer," cried Amelia, in a tone of the bitterest vexation. "A pretty exploit you have just now committed, you thoughtless, rash, trifling fellow. She has long had an ill-will to us both, and will undoubtedly look upon it as an intended affront." Here, in the usual manner of women, (who are never more anxious than about trifles, though they often make up for it by the greatness of mind which they assume with ease upon more important occasions,) a whole croud of disagreeable suspicions were strung together like the beads of a necklace; and it cost poor Bendorf the eloquence and persuasion of a Demosthenes,

to bring her again to temper and composure. But when he was beginning to hope that he might accomplish his purpose, he was interrupted by the entrance of Amelia's waiting-maid. She, who was a great favourite with her mistress, had by chance been standing at the house-door, when the nose of Julia had been so unluckily assaulted; and she now related (with such exactness as made the poor youth almost frantic, and with a minuteness, in comparison of which, a box on the ear was a mere trifle,) all the sneers, gibes, and sarcasms, which Julia, after the accident, either uttered, or might have uttered.

The rage of Amelia increased at every word; but when she heard at last the malicious conjecture of her rival, that she herself had instigated Bendorf to commit the insult, to show that she was not without her admirers, it blazed up to a terrible degree; for she felt, what to her sex is even dearer than life itself, her female vanity, here wounded in the cruellest manner. It was to no purpose that the obsequious lover, who now for the first time saw his gentle Amelia in a passion, attempted to prove by a variety of arguments, the maxim, which was never yet called in question, that which is past cannot be recalled. It was in vain he assured her, that what might be said, by such a mad-cap as Julia, was of no consequence. She continued in the same passionate humour, and at last ordered him to go directly to Julia, and to excuse himself in the best manner he was able, and with the most unequivocal frankness, to take the blame of the whole matter upon himself.

To confess the truth, in a world like the present, which is so polite, that we ask pardon, even of those who happen to tread upon our toes, provided only they are people of fortune, it was neither a strange nor unreasonable request, to do the same to a person who had been affronted, though indeed wholly without intention; but the tone in which it was delivered by Amelia, was such as Bendorf by no means relished; who besides, had never in his whole life-time been fond of receiving absolute commands. The idea sprung up in his mind, that she who met with so obsequious a bridegroom, might naturally expect from her husband, a continuance of the same laudable custom: he persisted therefore in this limitation, that he would only make his apology to Julia, the first time he should happen to meet her: Amelia persisted likewise on her side; and they at last parted with mutual repugnance, and Bendorf quitted, for the first time, his Amelia's habitation in a melancholy mood.

At home, however, in his solitary chamber, his boiling blood began to cool; he found that he had been too obstinate, (or as he chose to call it, resolute); the favorite consolation of our sex, that it is no degradation to yield to the ladies, became every moment more powerful with him; and he at last determined to obey Amelia, provided she should ask it once more, and in somewhat of a more agreeable style. So passed the short summer-night; his better resolution continued in the morning; and he was just going out, when Amelia's maid came to him with a billet from her mistress, in which she mentioned, that the intelligence of the dangerous illness of one of her aunts, who had a small property on the borders of B—, obliged her to make a sudden journey into the country; that therefore, if he wished to see her before her departure, he must do it soon; but that access to her would only be granted upon condition of his first making a visit of apology to Julia.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE
VOCABULARY OF LOVE.

(CONTINUED.)

No—Is a term very frequently employed by the fair, when they mean every thing else but a negative. Their *yes* is always *yes*; but their *no* is not always *no*. The air and tone of it determines the signification; sometimes, too, the circumstances, a smile or a look.

Pity.—One of the great avenues to love. The women, naturally susceptible of the softer impressions, are most liable to this passion. They compassionate strongly those whom they see suffer; and it is a weak side, of which the men take advantage, who feign sufferings, to bring them to real ones. Pity then, like charity, should begin at home.

Plaintive.—The style of lovers is ever a plaintive one. A lover is naturally a querulous animal. Complaints of one sort or other fill up the letters and conversations of lovers: and he has not always the most reason to complain, who complains the most.

To please.—Constitutes the whole art of love. It is one of those words that would be obscured by definitions. He who possesses the power of pleasing, has every thing that is necessary for his success in love.

Reconciliation.—Some reconciliations are attended with such pleasure, that it is al-

most worth making a quarrel on purpose, for the sake of the joy of a reconciliation. It is, however, dangerous to use this practice so often as to stale it; for it may happen that the reconciliation may never come.

Reputation.—One of the great centres upon female virtue.

Resistance.—In love, as in war, is often only art in the governor of a place, to raise the importance, and obtain the honours of war, for a fortress from the first intended to be given up.

Respect.—True love nevers goes without respect; and its counterfeit is often obliged to feign it, till an occasion serves to throw it out of the windows.

Sighs.—Are useful interjections in the love language. They are of special service to save the modest fair-one the pain of pronouncing those dreadful decisive words, "I love you." They are very tiresome, however, when a languorous lover

"Vents only in deep sighs his am'rous flame."

They are a very uncurrent coin, when employed by the men: thus, when a lover whines out, "Cannot my sighs move you to pity me?" he deserves to be pitied indeed!

Sun.—All comparisons of one's mistress to the sun, the stars, &c. are out of date. They are all so hackneyed, that even poetry rejects them. One modern poet, indeed, has ventured to compare his mistress to the sun, because, like him, she was a common benefit, and shone on all alike.

Toilette.—A woman may admit a lover to her toilette, when she is sure of the effect of her charms. It is like the artful confidence of a secret that one is certain will do one honour. When a woman suffers herself to be surprised at her toilette, it is as much as to say, "I have, as to my beauty, a clear conscience; it is all honestly my own; and I am the more sure of doing execution with it, for its not having the air of murder propense." But when it comes to that dismal time of its being a necessity to make a face, the dressing-room door is well bolted till the operation is over.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF THE GYPSIES IN EUROPE.

IT is not certain when they first appeared in Europe. Mention is made of them in Hungary and Germany, so early as the year 1417; within ten years after, we hear of them in France, Switzerland, and Italy. The date of their arrival in England is more

uncertain; but it is most probable it was not till nearly a century afterwards. In the year 1530, they are thus spoken of in the penal statutes: "Forasmuch, as before this time, divers and many outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft or feat of merchandize, have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and place to place, in great company, and used great subtil and crafty means to deceive the people, &c. and also have committed many felonies, and robberies, &c." This is the preamble to an act by which the gypsies are ordered to quit the realm under heavy penalties. Two subsequent acts passed in 1555, and 1563, made it death for them to remain in the kingdom. Thirteen were executed under these acts at the assizes for the county of Suffolk, a few years before the Restoration. In 1783 they were repealed. The gypsies were expelled France in 1560, and Spain in 1591. It does not appear that they have been extirpated in any country. Their collective numbers, in every quarter of the globe, have been calculated at seven or eight hundred thousand. They are most numerous in Asia, and the northern parts of Europe. Various are the opinions as to their origin. That they came from Egypt has been the most prevalent; because some of the first who arrived in Europe pretended they came from that country; which they did, perhaps, to heighten their reputation for skill in palmistry, and the occult sciences. It is now, I believe, pretty generally agreed they came from Hindostan. Their language so far coincides with the Hindostanick, that even now, after a lapse of more than three centuries, during which they have been dispersed in various countries, nearly one half of their words are precisely those of Hindostan. Their manners, for the most part, coincide, as well as their language, in every quarter of the globe, where they are found. Their religion is always that of the country where they reside. Upon the whole, we may regard the gypsies as a singular phenomenon in Europe. For the space of between three and four hundred years they have gone wandering about like pilgrims and strangers; yet, neither time nor example has made in them any alteration. They remain ever, and every where, what their fathers were. Africa makes them no blacker, nor does Europe make them whiter.

A person at Dunkirk lately brought an action against a man for pulling his nose! In addition to the insult, the plaintiff complained that his nose was rather too long before.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Vision of Misour.

ON the fruitful banks of Zenderoud* lived MISOUR. His dwelling was ornamented with the most precious things of the east; the dew of heaven watered his odoriferous gardens; and his treasury was filled with wealth. The delicacies of the world seemed to court his acceptance; fifty beautiful Circasian damsels administered to his pleasure; and he had never awoke but to a joyful morning. In a favourite son all his hopes centered; he was as the apple of his eye; sprightly as the young roe that plays on the spicy mountains; cheerful as the opening day; his fine black eyes sparkled like the houries of paradise; he arose in stature like the sweet smelling tree that grew on the banks of Pison, and bade fair for manhood,—him the great ALLA, the wise disposer of all events, summoned in his eighteenth year to the garden of paradise, to eat the fruit of the tree of life, and enjoy the sweet company of beautiful houries.

The Angel of Death performed his office, and the young ALCASSEM, the delight of every eye, in the bloom of youth, encircled by every enjoyment, bade adieu to life.

MISOUR was inconsolable; he tore off the robe of honour with which he had been dignified by the father of the faithful, and wrapped sackcloth about his loins; the sound of his musical instruments ceased, and the thousand lamps which enlightened his palace were put out. Nothing was heard but the voice of woe; no sound save the groans of the afflicted. He retired to an apartment in his seraglio, where no sun-beam ever entered, and mourned with unceasing sorrow for three hundred days. At the end thereof, having wrought himself into a fit of madness, he leaped up hastily from the couch on which he had so long lain, and his eyes rolling with phrenzy, uttered these words: "Unhappy MISOUR! why lengthen out thy wretched life? sure no sweets are left for thee. ALLA has—but why mention that name?—Did ALLA exist, miseries would not so abound! Our life is but a vapour; a short day, and full of evil. In our infancy, we are subject to innumerable pains; in our youth we are prey-

NOTE.

* Zenderoud and Mahmoud are two beautiful rivers, which unite their waters near the city of Ispahan or Spauhaun, the capital of Persia. It is described by travellers as the most beautiful city in the world, and contains upwards of 1,000,000 inhabitants.

ed upon by our desires, and precipitated into the road of ruin; in manhood we are surrounded by ten thousand ills. In our palaces lurk false friends; in the streets the assassin steals along; in the wood prowls the lion, the tyger, the bear, and the leopard; and should man even escape these, the robber darts upon him from the mountain cave. In the river is the crocodile; in the wood the crooked serpent; in the green meadow the venomous snake; in the air the vapour of death. There is no ALLA; or if there be, he has long since forsaken the earth. Zatanai has filled it with misery; Zatanai, who delights in the griefs of man. I will fly from this world of woe," he said, and he seized his sword—its point was already at his breast, when the Angel of Intelligence stood before him—the sword fell from his feeble grasp. He was bright as the first beam of the sun when it shines on the dewy leaves. MISOUR was sore afraid; he fell with his face to the earth, and covered his head with his tattered robe. The angel spoke, the music of paradise accompanied his words: "Son of Adam, arise—ALLA has heard thy lamentations; his eye, which pervades the universe, has seen thy affliction, and has sent me from the garden of paradise to enlighten thy understanding, to teach thee that all his ways are strewn with mercies, and that evil is necessary for a time in this valley of tears." Having thus spoken, he raised MISOUR from the earth, and clasping him round the middle, bore him with incredible swiftness thro' the trackless regions of the universe, till paradise rose to their view, the work of infinite wisdom, the habitation of spotless purity. Its lofty gate opened of its own accord, whilst the melodious tones of music, through all its endless varieties, held the listener in mute astonishment.—"Son of man," said the celestial guide, "tarry not here; enter and behold the reward of the just: see and taste of the happiness of those who dwell in the presence of the infinitely benevolent ALLA."

The eyes of MISOUR were opened; he found himself in the celestial paradise. He saw angels blessed with eternal youth; he heard the cherubim exalting their voices, the seraphim tuning their golden harps, and the just joining in the enchanting song. Every sense was ravished with delight, no trace of woe was remembered. Again was he accosted by the angel,—and, as one just awoke, opened his eyes to new delights—directed by his heavenly guide, he beheld, on his right, his darling son, his young ALCASSEM. But oh! how changed! He was surrounded by thousands of spirits of the

most perfect form; grace, beauty, dignity and love beamed from every glance of their eye, from each of their airy turns; and around them shone the rays of majesty, which eternally emanate from the throne of ALLA, the circle of perfection. Here grew the trees of paradise, each bearing the food of life; and there the water of eternal existence ran in cooling streams thro' all the garden of paradise. ALCASSEM tuned his harp: he sang the song of gratitude; he praised the Creator of man. Ten thousand times ten thousand spirits of the blessed joined in the chorus. Joy thrilled thro' the heart of MISOUR; his eye brightened; he saw the light of heaven beaming on the countenance of his son, which surpassed in beauty all the conceptions of the sons of Adam. He fell prostrate at the feet of the angel—"Adored," said he, "eternally adored be ALLA, the infinitely good. No more shall I dare to repine; once in my ignorance have I spoken, once hath a worm of the earth exalted its head—but in silence shall I now meditate,—the dust raised by the wind shall cover the head of the aspiring worm....Humility belongs to man."

"Frail son of mortality," replied the angel, "he who regulates the motion of the stars, neglects not the affairs of the meanest of his works; he rejoiceth in the happiness of his creatures. All his dispensations have the destruction of evil for their ultimate end, because his goodness is infinite; he hath attended to the words of thy mouth; he hath listened to the suggestions of thy spirit, when dark grief covered thee as a robe, and painful recollection crushed thee in the dust, when thou didst lie covered with ashes, when sackcloth was upon thy loins, when in the depth of despair, thou didst cry, there is no ALLA; because evil is in the world; because death preys on the children of Adam; attend therefore to the voice of instruction.

"Permitted to unfold the dark volume of futurity, I will shew thee what things would have come to pass, had not thy son, the light of thy eye, been snatched from the evil day which was fast approaching."

Again was he encircled by the arms of the angel, who expanded his heavenly wings, and quick as thought they stood in the garden of MISOUR. It appeared in all its former beauty, delightful as when ALCASSEM the beautiful sported in its bowers; the trees put forth their flowers, the roses shed their sweet perfumes, the fish played in the limpid streams, and the enchanting voice of music was heard from the hundred alcoves which raised their

arched roofs among odoriferous shrubs, where art contended with nature for the palm of beauty.

The angel disappeared; MISOUR found himself alone; the remembrance of the past was no more.—The daughters of song were called from their bowers; they bent before him in all their charms; he asked for his son, the youthful ALCASSEM—he had gone they knew not whither. The breast of the father throbbed with anxiety; he was in pain for his darling lest some evil had befallen him. The banquet was spread in the hall of joy; the masters of music in their place; the airy dancers were already dressed, they only waited for the nod of MISOUR to introduce light-heeled mirth and sport never conscious of evil: but that nod was not given, a cloud passed over their joy: he arose from the untasted banquet; he went to the field of sport, where young ALCASSEM was wont, with fifty of his youthful companions, to poise the spear, to hurl the javelin, to manage the high-mettled steed, or guide the chariot in its rapid career. With joy he beheld the approach of his son—he was accompanied by twenty of his most active companions; on his right hand rode a lady, covered with a veil, but of a most majestic appearance. MISOUR led them to the hall of banquet; immediately was heard the voice of joy and happiness; once more lighted up the hundred lamps. But nothing could equal the surprise of MISOUR, when the lady appeared without her veil; she shone among the beauties which adorned his seraglio, as the sun when he banishes the clouds of night. She spoke; her voice was music; every expression reached the heart. ALCASSEM was transported beyond expression, and scarcely could he relate to his much-pleased parent the adventure which had yielded so much delight. He found, however, by broken sentences, that they had found her on the banks of the beautiful river Mahmoud, whither she had fled from the seraglio of a cruel man, who commanded a troop in the service of Shah Abbas, and took her, with many others, prisoner, in that famous battle in which Abdallah Khan was entirely defeated; and had, until this day, kept her in most strict confinement, designing to present her to Shah Abbas the great.

The night was spent in pleasure, and joy welcomed the morning: time seemed to have forgotten his tardy pace, so quickly did the winged hours revolve. But justly did the wise man observe, "that sorrow traces the footsteps of joy;" for not many days had elapsed, when the palace of MI-

SOUR was surrounded by ten thousand men in arms, commanded by the great Shah Abbas. Resistance was vain; his seraglio was searched; the lady found. The venerable MISOUR, and the young ALCASSEM were loaded with chains; they saw their castle pillaged; the treasures of a hundred ancestors carried away; and the building itself consumed by the devouring flames. They were carried to Ispahan, and thrown into separate dungeons. On the third day MISOUR was brought from his dungeon into the presence of the great Shah Abbas, who, with the most cutting reproaches, ordered him to be conducted to see his son. Ye who have sympathetic hearts, think what must have been the feelings of the aged parent, when he beheld his darling son chained to the wheel to grind in the mill for life! his fine black eyes, whose glances reached the heart of every beholder, were covered with eternal night; his youthful countenance disfigured; and still more, he was no more! ***! The grief of MISOUR could no longer be restrained; he cast himself with violence on the ground. "O ALLA!" he cried, "why didst not thou in mercy call me ere this moment of misery, from the tabernacle of sorrow. Ah! my darling ALCASSEM, would to ALLA, thou hadst died ere thus thou hadst been degraded. Wretched old man that I am, I repined when my ABED CASSEM was taken away by the Angel of Death; fool that I was to arraign the ways of Infinite Wisdom. O Death! to man thou art a blessing; thou removest from the evil to come."

At that instant the Angel of Intelligence again stood before him....his memory returned....the sword was still in his hand....the point levelled at his own breast! "Son of Adam," said the heavenly messenger, "learn from what thou hast seen, not to repine at the dispensations of the Almighty—He doth all things well—Resignation belongs to mortals." Having thus spoken, he vanished from his sight.

MISOUR prostrated himself on the earth—"O ALLA," he said, "thou art good; I will no more repine."....He retired from the chamber of grief; the hundred lamps were again lighted up; the voice of music was heard in the hall; and the poor received their accustomed alms. To MISOUR shortly after were born two sons, whom he saw graced with manhood, and his grandsons played round his knees. He died at the age of 120 years, after having caused the following sentence to be engraved on a plate of gold, which still is preserved in the family:

GREAT IS ALLA!

When he taketh away the wife of thy bosom, the son of thy hopes, or the daughter of thy love,

GRIEVE NOT;

For he in infinite wisdom taketh away from the evil to come.

AGIB.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No. 3.

Hail Independence! heav'n's next best gift,
To that of life, and an immortal soul.

THOMSON.

TO the reflecting mind, the rapid increase of AMERICA in population and improvement, must excite the greatest astonishment. That country, which three hundred years ago was nought but the abode of wild beasts, and still more savage man, ...now boasts of large and populous cities, which are inhabited by men of industry and literature.

The history of the struggles which those first adventurers, (the victims of tyranny and persecution who fled for refuge to America) had to encounter, deserves an attentive perusal. It shows, that men who begin with determined resolution, and pursue their designs with diligence, will overturn every obstacle. The genius of a Smith,* alone was able to preserve an infant colony, and lay the foundation of its future prosperity. Numberless were the difficulties which he had to surmount, caused either by the jealousy of his colleagues, or the fierceness of the natives. Possessing a strong and clear mind, devoted to the interests of his country, he foresaw the advantages it would reap from a settlement in America, and he used his utmost exertions to establish one. His efforts were crowned with success, and in his labours we may behold the prosperity of our country.

Since her declaration of Independence, America has increased in wealth and improvements of every kind, in a manner unexampled in history. Numbers of the patriots who were instrumental in obtaining her freedom, have lived to see the happiness of their country produced by their labours. What a pleasure must it give them? What joy must they feel in their breasts? a joy the patriot only can experience. They have lived to see America, in whose cause they risked their lives, ris-

NOTE.

* See the life of Captain John Smith, in the Columbian Magazine, for 1788.

ing into fame, and rivalling the first nations of the world. Their grateful country will wreath them the brightest laurels, and rank their names with the great heroes of former ages—Learn then

".....On how sure a base
" The patriot builds his happiness: no stroke,
" No keenest, deadliest stroke of adverse fate
" Can make his generous bosom quite despair;
" But that alone by which his country falls.
" Grief may to grief, in endless round succeed,
" And nature suffer when our children bleed;
" Yet still superior must that hero prove,
" Whose first best passion is his country's love.

WHITEHEAD.

The history of the American Revolution teems with great and astonishing events; with events which excited the attention of all Europe; and succeeding nations will read our history with admiration. Great were the struggles of the worthies who achieved our independence....the subject of contention was great, and great was the victory. They fought in the cause of liberty; of that liberty, a love of which is implanted in every breast. It is that which cheers the labourer, when he rises in the morning; it inspires him to perform his work with diligence, and he retires in the evening to repose from the fatigues of the day, free and undisturbed. It inspires to great actions; it promotes the interests of virtue; it is (says Thomson) "the life of life." In short, it is every thing. What a grand idea of liberty had Dryden, when he wrote these lines—

".....Oh! give me liberty!
" Forever were Paradise itself my prison,
" Still should I long to leap the chrysal walls."

So jealous are the American people of it, that an attempt to encroach on the smallest of their privileges would rouse the strongest spirit of indignation and resistance; and the man who should thus attempt, would be branded with the curses of his countrymen.....May this spirit ever pervade them, and

" Do thou great Liberty inspire our souls;
" And make our lives, in thy possession, happy,
" Or our deaths happy in thy defence.

ANDERSON.

PHILADELPHUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

{ United States,
{ April 12th, 1803.

MR. HOGAN,

THE extract from the Inferno of Dante, in your last, certainly contains an awful description of the Tartarean Realms; but I cannot agree with your correspondent

J. W. when he says, the Lines are supereminently beautiful, and "unique in their kind:" A passage in Milton, which occurred to me on reading them, I think infinitely more terrific and sublime—it is found in the first Book of Paradise Lost, beginning at the 61st line, as follows:—

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.

I would have accompanied this extract with a translation of the Italian, had I not concluded such a measure would scarce be doing the foreigner justice; as few translations (particularly poetic) equal the original; and in the present comparison the Tuscan bard has need of all the beauties of his native tongue, to contend with the English poet.

The exclusion of Hope from these drear abodes of sorrow, expressed by both poets, is finely imagined; but Milton overwhelming lost souls

With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire, almost takes one's breath away to read it; and, together with the whole passage here quoted, in my opinion, possess a beauty, grandeur and sublimity unsurpassed, unequalled, unique in its kind.

TWICE-EIGHT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Princeton, April, 1803.

MR. HOGAN,

AN affair, in its termination merely ludicrous, but which in its commencement bore a threatening and tremendous aspect, occurred last evening at the College of Princeton. At the dread hour of midnight, when "ponto nox excubat atra," groans the most dreadful struck my ears, "vox hesit faucibus," the college was alarmed; and through the walls distinctly could we hear shrieks of poignant and unutterable distress. The professors, tutors, and students were immediately in motion, and all in vain endeavoured to conjecture what could be the cause of this dreadful phenomenon. At

length, with difficulty, we traced the sound to the recess under one of the stair-cases. The shrieks were redoubled, and even the stoutest heart was appalled. At first no one was sufficiently bold to enter, and discover the mighty cause. But on procuring light, and examining closely into the affair, it was discovered that two great Sows had taken shelter under this warm covert, and each had brought forth....a numerous and squeaking progeny!....mons ingenuit!

Your's, with respect,

F. R. I.

SCHOLASTIC ANECDOTE.

A class at a public school had the following theme given for an exercise: "*And he changed water into wine.*" One of the boys of the form had been negligent and truant, and not having done his task, the master ordered him to be had up and flogged—He gave him one cut with the rod—when the youth expecting a continuation of the severity, cried out,—“Sir, I have finished the theme:—

"*Lympha pudica Deum vidit—et erebuit.*"

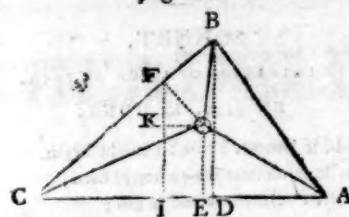
The water blush'd—and own'd the God.

The elegance of this extempore epigram needs no panegyrick.

THE oath used among the Scotch Highlanders, in judicial proceedings contains a most solemn denunciation of vengeance, in case of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and meadow land of the party who takes it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When it is administered, there is no book to be kissed, but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated. To prove the superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate of a Highlander, who at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively in the English mode to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity, having been observed by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no," said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, "Ken ye not ther is a hantle o' diffarance, 'twixt bla-ing on a buke, and domming ones ain saul!"

A Man of letters, whose manners are irregular, resembles a blind person carrying a flambeau, with which he enlightens others, without being able to enlighten himself.

Solution to Bob Homespun's Question,
page 53.



LET the figure ABC represent the triangular form in which the pens stand, and let A be the place of the first pen, B the second, and C the third, and let O be the place for the trough; then BO , AO , and CO will be the respective distances; let fall the perpendiculars BD , FI , OE , and OF , draw OK parallel to AC , then will the triangles BDC , FIC and OKF be similar. First, $BC=50=b$, $AC=60=c$, $BD=d$, and $DC=e$, put $BO=2x$, $AO=3x$, and $CO=4x$, the given proportion, then (by Euclid 13, & 2) $EC=\frac{c^2+7x^2}{2c}$, and FC

$=\frac{b^2+12x^2}{2b}$, then by similar triangles, as

$BC(b):DC(e)::FC(\frac{b^2+12x^2}{2b}):IC=$

$\frac{b^2e+12ex^2}{2b^2}$, and $EC-IC=EI=OK=\frac{c^2+7x^2}{2c}$

$=\frac{b^2e-12ex^2}{2b^2}$, which reduced becomes

$11,25-0,031667x^2$, put $11,25=n$, and $0,031667=m$, then $n-mx^2=OK$, and by similar triangles, as $BD(d):BC(b)::OK(n-mx^2):OF=\frac{bn-bmx^2}{d}$, and (by Euclid 47

& 1,) $OF^2+FC^2=CO^2$, that is

$\frac{b^2n^2-2b^2nm x^2+b^2m^2x^4}{d^2} +$

$\frac{b^4+24b^2x^2+144x^4}{4b^2}=16x^2$, this cleared of

fractions and reduced, we have $x^4-696,$

$73936x^2=-54780,4511683642$, and by

completing the square and extracting the

root, we have $x=$

$\sqrt{348,36968}-\sqrt{60580,9027749382}=$

$9,50456$; hence $BO=19,00912$, $AO=28,$

51368 , and $CO=38,01824$. As required.

N. MAJOR.

YELLOW FEVER.

A Card.....A gentleman, just returned from Martinique wishes to communicate, through the channel of the Morning Herald, a simple remedy he has known to have given both relief and cure to many persons afflicted with the Yellow Fever, and which

he thinks might be also efficacious to persons suffering any kind of eruptive fever in this country. On the first symptoms of sickness, take a small tumbler full of water, strongly impregnated with camomile, and magnesia, adding a table spoonful of citron Narbonne honey; repeat this three or four times a day, it will effectually carry off the disorder. The same ingredients prepared as a diet drink he has known to have surprising effects on weak, debilitated constitutions, even when incapable of taking either food or exercise. [Albany Gaz.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 16, 1803.

WHATEVER tends to promote the manufacture of our own country, to the abolition of foreign exportation, ought to receive the utmost encouragement. The article of STRAW BONNETS, for ladies' wear, has heretofore been exported into this country from Europe, and on them has been paid a duty of 15 per cent. and they have been retailed at from 1 to 5 dollars a piece. We now find they can be made in this country, equally as well, quite as elegant, and at a much cheaper rate. In the towns of Wrentham, Franklin and Bradford, in this state, we are told, there has been made, wholly by women and children, upwards of 4000 straw bonnets, in the course of the last and present years. They are carried to market and sold to merchants at from 75 cents to 2 dollars, who can retail them at a handsome profit 150 per cent cheaper than those imported. It may be added, that this article of dress seems to be the first adopted by the fashionables, of domestic manufacture in preference to foreign. [Newburyport pap.

The Earl of Warwick has recently discovered on his estate a valuable and extensive stratum of earth, which not only cuts like soap, but is found to possess all the qualities of that useful article. (Lon. pap.

IT is well observed, that while great efforts are made to *extinguish fires*, none are used to *prevent their being kindled*. In 19 cases out of 20, they are occasioned by the most reprehensible negligence, such as dropping the snuff of a candle on straw, or other combustible materials, &c. There is a law in Germany, the adoption of which is devoutly wished in this country. Any person seen in a ware-house, cellar, stable, work-shop, or manufactory, with a candle not in a lanthorn, is liable to a fine or imprisonment. Lon. pap.

MURDER.

THE following particulars of a most horrid deed which was committed at a small village between Marquise and Boulogne, in France, are given in a morning print, which pledges itself for their authenticity:

A written paper with three signatures, was carried to the house of the Mayor of this village, appointing a meeting upon business in the evening, at a fixed place. A neighbour observed three men at the door, and the Mayor to go out with his great coat on, leaving at home his wife, daughter, niece, and a maid-servant. Early next morning, a nephew of the Mayor calling, found the door open; and upon entering, first beheld the dreadful sight of the maid lying murdered in the passage; the mother and daughter dead in one room, and the niece a corpse in the other. As soon as he could recover himself from the horrid spectacle, he, with the assistance of a neighbour, searched the other parts of the house, when it appeared that nothing had been taken away. The written paper was found containing the three signatures, which induced the nephew and the neighbour to proceed to the stated place, when, as their minds foreboded, they discovered the unfortunate Mayor, miserably mangled. In one of his hands was a large lock of hair, grasped, with a part of the skin to it, supposed to belong to one of the villains. This was taken immediately to the Municipality, who, for a few hours, embargoed all the vessels between Calais and Boulogne, and a most active search was made. The Diligences were all examined, and every one obliged to take off his hat; but unhappily the monsters were not discovered. A person arrived in England, about a week after, to communicate the shocking act to the English police, in order to trace the villains, if they should have crossed the channel. It is imagined that the perpetrators are three conspirators, and that, having left the paper, they conceived the hand-writing might lead to a discovery, and therefore returned again to the house to get it back, which brought on the dreadful catastrophe alluded to. The Mayor was a powerful man; he was very much cut; and by the hair, which he appears to have torn from one of their heads, it is evident he made a stout resistance. He bore an excellent character, and was much esteemed. A considerable reward was offered. Lon. Pap.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Captain James Powers, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Bowers, of Point Pleasant, Kensington.

—, on the 7th, at Friend's Meeting House, in Burlington, N. J. Mr. Samuel W. J. of this city, Merchant, to Miss Maty Cox, of Burlington.

Deaths.

DIED, at Westfield, N. J. the Rev. Benjamin Woodruff, aged 71, for many years a worthy and respectable pastor of that church, and an able advocate of the gospel he professed.

—, about the middle of last month, of a fever, on board the schr. Roebuck on his passage from Guadaloupe to N. York, Mr. Benjamin January, of this city, aged 21.

—, on the 6th inst. Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Merchant, of this city—a native of England.

—, suddenly, on Sunday morning, the 10th inst. Capt. Samuel Cussen, aged 61—for a long series of years a respectable citizen of Philadelphia.

—, on the 11th inst. Mrs. Mary Glaus, widow of the late Simon Glaus, deceased, aged 29.

—, lately, at Leigh, in Worcestershire, England, a woman, named Gwilliam, aged 110, and who at her death, saw and heard as well as at any period of her life.

—, lately, in England, George Gibbs, a pauper, in his 103d year. He was born May 1st. at Nether Liberton, near Edinburgh. He served his majesty many years as a private in dragoons,—was 22 years a sergeant in the 14th regiment of foot, and afterwards in other corps of infantry during the late American war. He bore a part in 21 or 22 actions, at home and abroad; including all the engagements with the rebels in Scotland, Anno 1745; and was at the right hand of Col. Gardner, when he fell in the battle of Prestonpans.

TEMPLE of the MUSE S.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Translation of the 4th Ode of Horace,
Book III.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, &c. &c.

"*Solvitur acris hyems, &c.*"

AT length stern Winter ends his stormy race,
And to the pleasant gales of Spring gives place;
The ships, no more in their dry harbours laid,
Are usher'd forth the messengers of trade:
And, now, the wandering sheep forget the fold,
Nor does the whistling ploughman dread the cold.
Hoar-frost no more upon the mead is seen,
But the whole earth is cloth'd in vernal green.
Now Venus raises to the moon her song,
And Nymphs and Graces join in merry throng.
While such pursuits engage the Queen of Love,
Far different thoughts employ the Smith of Jove—
He and his Cyclops in their furnace stand,
Forging huge thunders at their king's command.
Let the green myrtle now our heads surround,
Or flow'rs, in which the thaw'd earth abounds;
To Pan our yearly offering let us give,
A Lamb or Kid, as he may best receive.
Pale death enquires not, who is rich or poor,
But knocks impartially at every door.
Oh happy Sextus! all the years of man,
Comparatively are but one short span;
E'en now pale *maus* beckon thee to come
And Pluto asks thee to his exil'd home.
Where, when arriv'd, no chosen king* shall find
Delinquent drinkers in a glass of wine,
Not e'en Lycidas† beauty there shall please,
But all his conquests with his life must cease.

PHILAMOR.

NOTES.

* In ancient days at all feasts a king was chosen by lot,
who presided over their wine—Horace calls it *regna vini*.

† Lycidas—a beautiful shepherd, whom all the youths
and girls of his time admired.

SELECTED.

Two Translations of the Extract from
Dante's Inferno, in page 119.

(COMMUNICATED BY A FRIEND.)

By HAYLEY.

THRO' me you pass to Mourning's dark domain;
Thro' me to scenes where Grief must ever pine;
Thro' me to Misery's devoted train,
Justice and power in my Great Founder join,
And love and wisdom all his fabrics rear;
Wisdom above controul, and love divine!

Before me, Nature saw no works appear,
Save works eternal: such was I ordain'd.
Quit every hope all ye who enter here!

By BORD.

THRO' me, the newly-damn'd for ever fleet,
In ceaseless shoals, to pain's eternal seat;
Thro' me they march, and join the tortur'd crew.
The mighty gulph offended Justice made;
Unbounded pow'r the strong foundation laid,
And love,* by Wisdom led, the limits drew.

Long ere the infant world arose to light,
I found a being in the womb of night:
Elders of all—but things that ever last!—
And I for ever last!—Ye heirs of Hell,
Here bid at once your ling'ring hope farewell,
And mourn the moment of repentance past!

NOTE.

* That love to the general welfare that must induce a
moral governor to enforce his laws by the sanction of pun-
ishments; as here a mistaken humanity is cruelty.

(Communicated for the Repository.)

ANDREW JONES.

I HATE that Andrew Jones—he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage,
I wish the press-gang, or the drum
With its tantarra sound, would come,
And sweep him from the village!

I said not this, because he loves
Thro' the long day to swear and tittle:
But for the poor dear sake of one,
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling cripple!

For this poor crawling helpless wretch,
Some horsemen, who were passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone,
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch thick the dust lay on the ground,
For it had long been droughty weather;
So, with his staff, the cripple wrought
Among the dust, 'till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanc'd that Andrew pass'd that way,
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple, in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stopp'd and took the penny up:
And when the cripple nearer drew—
Quoth Andrew, "Under half a-crown,
What a man finds is all his own,
And so, my friend, good day to you."

And hence, I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wish'd the press-gang, or the drum
With its tantarra sound, would come,
And sweep him from the village!

(Communicated for the Repository.)

SONNET,

IN IMITATION OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.

BY J. H. L. HUNT.

WELL, if I must, I think I might begin,
But your long sonnets are so horrid hard;
Yet soft, I've got in a poetic pin;
Wond'rous! one wave's dropp'd out the head of lard!

Well, I'll be hang'd if I know what to say:
Why, how! I've tumbled on another line;
O admirandum! Phœbus smiles to day;
Another! well, now, don't ye think, I shine?

Ah! I shall faint! poor Pegasus won't drive!
What! at the tenth? Heavens how the muses sag!
Aunt! the comicallest dog alive?
How now! twelve bits to this poetic rag!

Fire and amazement! keep it up! you'll beat 'em;
Add up my lads! there's Fourteen, or I'll eat 'em.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

From the Pen of GIFFORD.

SWEET flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' wintry skies.

Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glare,
And only flatters to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root and lays you low.

Alas! for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you, and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drank the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmy sweets away;
O come and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share!
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there.
More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.